

# PUNCH AND JUDY

With an Introduction by

CHARLES HALL GRANDGENT

And with Illustrations by

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK







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# THE TRAGICAL COMEDY OR COMICAL TRAGEDY OF PUNCH AND JUDY

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## INTRODUCTION

THE Play of Mr. Punch! A catalogue of crime, a series of sins, a world of wickedness. Why! if we should see these things on the planks of his grown-up namesake, the Grand Guignol, we should have the shudders for a week. What shall we say of a hero who, with no adequate motive, ruthlessly and gleefully destroys his child and his wife, who defies law human and divine, clubs to death the representative of the human variety, and at last, after a long run of wrongdoing, extinguishes the Devil himself—although, to be sure, another version (probably *ad usum Delphini*) does make him succumb at the end, teaching a salutary lesson, as welcome as most salutary lessons are? Edward Hyde, of hideous memory, never had a record quite so black. Yet, on the puppet stage, we side with Mr. Punch. On the puppet stage: for were he and his victims full-grown, we should perhaps believe in them, or half believe in them, as we half believe in Dr. Faustus, with whom Mr. Punch after all has some affinity; and in that case we could hardly approve of the protagonist's

escape from the consequence of his deeds — as, in spite of Goethe, we have our misgivings about the salvation of Faust.

But, it will be urged, the proper spectators of the petty Guignol — the tiny ones — do take their actors literally. Watch their little faces; mark the agony of apprehension when the sheriff appears, the delirious delight when he is disposed of with a sharp, resounding thwack and lies stark and stiff, his poor helpless head on the proscenium, while the assassin grins his exultant grin. To be sure, the summariness, the finality of that percussion are too much for even the gravest Puritan to withstand. Children, however, are supposed to be more moral than the rest of us; we have the best of authority for such an estimate. Then how comes it, they are more inclined to compound with felony than even the most felonious member of an adult audience? If we, the very worst of us, could not quite condone all the homicides of a flesh-and-blood Punch, how can these angelic innocents accept a wooden multimurderer (just as real to them) without reservation and without a struggle?

Is it because Mr. Punch is the hero of the piece? Much is allowed an accredited hero which in a ticketed villain would be altogether reprehensible. Raffles, for instance, gets away with it because he

plays the title rôle. So does Hamlet. The unfortunate Claudius, who really has his points of superiority, never gets the ghost of a chance, being invariably impersonated by the worst actor in the troupe. A critic once said of a Thespian's portrayal of the guilty uncle that "he played the king as if he were momentarily expecting someone else to play the ace." They all do.

However, it is perilous to push the protagonist's prerogative too far—or in the wrong direction. What schoolboy ever thrilled for the hero of the *Æneid*? Or of *Jerusalem Delivered*? Or of *Paradise Lost*, whoever the hero of Milton's epic may be? Which of us is not more interested in the licentious Lovelace than in the immaculate Sir Charles Grandison? These last two instances suggest a generalization (usually one instance is enough). Can it be that we are willing to put up with unlimited badness in a hero, provided he wear the union label, whereas there is a limit to the amount of goodness we can tolerate? Think of Huckleberry Finn and Paul Dombey, of Manon Lescaut and the Princesse de Clèves, of Till Eulenspiegel and Sir Galahad.

Yes, we are all Nietzscheans at heart. We admire the nonconformist conqueror, while gentle self-immolation to morality calls forth but perfunctory and

secretly disdainful praise. And little children are the worst Nietzscheans of the lot. Every baby is a superman; the infant ideal is to get what one wants when one wants it. The "barbaric yawp" of the babe is the purest example of self-expression. Among Modernists, the most Modern is the latest born. After all, what else could we expect?

Now we begin to understand why Mr. Punch is so popular with us all, and why he appeals most irresistibly to the young. It is because we see in him the fulfilment of our repressed desires. He is the Spirit of Revolt. Mr. Punch is not only the Hero — he is also the typical Superman, the supreme Self-Expressionist.

C. H. GRANDGENT

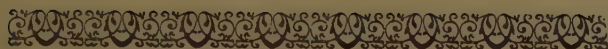




## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PUNCH	POLICE OFFICER
SCARAMOUCH	JACK KETCH
THE CHILD	THE DEVIL
COURTIER	TOBY
DOCTOR	HECTOR
SERVANT	
BLIND MAN	JUDY
CONSTABLE	POLLY





## PUNCH AND JUDY

*Enter PUNCH — after a few preliminary squeaks, he bows three times to the spectators; — once in the centre, and once at each side of the stage, and then speaks the following*

### PROLOGUE

Ladies and Gentlemen, pray how you do?  
If you all happy, me all happy too.  
Stop and hear my merry littel play;  
If me make you laugh, me need not make you pay.  
*Exit.*

### ACT I

*PUNCH is heard behind the scene, squeaking the tune of “Malbroug s’en va-t-en guerre;” he then makes his appearance and dances about the stage, while he sings to the same air.*

Mr. Punch is one jolly good fellow,  
His dress is all scarlet and yellow,  
And if now and then he gets mellow,  
It’s only among his good friends.  
His money most freely he spends;  
To laugh and grow fat he intends;

With the girls he's a rogue and a rover;  
He lives, while he can, upon clover;  
When he dies -- it's only all over;  
And there Punch's comedy ends.

*He continues to dance and sing, and then calls*

Judy, my dear! Judy!

*Enter the DOG TOBY.*

PUNCH. Hollo, Toby! who call'd you? How you do, Mr. Toby? Hope you very well, Mr. Toby.

TOBY. Bow, wow, wow!

PUNCH. How do my good friend, your master, Mr. Toby? How do Mr. Scaramouch?

TOBY. Bow, wow, wow!

PUNCH. I'm glad to hear it. Poor Toby! What a nice good-temper'd dog it is! No wonder his master is so fond of him.

TOBY (*snarls*). Arr! Arr!

PUNCH. What! Toby! you cross this morning? You get out of bed the wrong way upwards?

TOBY (*snarls again*). Arr! Arr!

PUNCH. Poor Toby. (*Putting his hand out cautiously, and trying to coax the dog, who snaps at it.*) Toby, you're one nasty cross dog: get away with you! (*Strikes at him.*)





TOBY (*seizing PUNCH by the nose*). Bow, wow, wow!

PUNCH. Oh dear! Oh dear! My nose! my poor nose! my beautiful nose! Get away! get away, you nasty dog — I tell your master. Oh dear! dear! — Judy! Judy!

PUNCH *shakes his nose, but cannot shake off the DOG, who follows him as he retreats round the stage. He continues to call "Judy! Judy, my dear!" until the DOG quits his hold and exit.*

PUNCH (*solus, and rubbing his nose with both hands*). Oh my nose! my pretty littel nose! Judy! Judy! You nasty, nasty brute, I will tell you master of you. (*Calls.*) Mr. Scaramouch! My good friend, Mr. Scaramouch! Look what you nasty brute dog has done!

*Enter SCARAMOUCH, with a stick.*

SCARA. Hollo, Mr. Punch! what have you been doing to my poor dog?

PUNCH (*retreating behind the side scene, on observing the stick, and peeping round the corner*). Ha! my good friend, how you do? glad to see you look so well. (*Aside.*) I wish you were farther with your nasty great stick.

SCARA. You have been beating and ill-using my poor dog, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH. He has been biting and ill-using my poor nose — What have got there, sir?

SCARA. Where?

PUNCH. In your hand?

SCARA. A fiddle.

PUNCH. A fiddel! what a pretty thing is a fiddel! — can you play upon that fiddel?

SCARA. Come here, and I'll try.

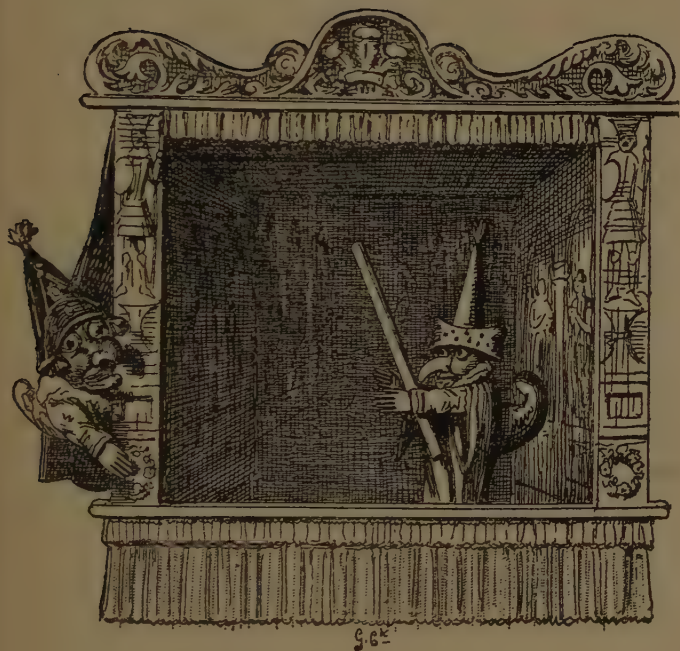
PUNCH. No, thank you — I can hear the music here, very well.

SCARA. Then you shall try yourself. Can you play?

PUNCH (*coming in*). I do not know, till I try. Let me see! (*Takes the stick, and moves slowly about, singing the tune of the "Marche des Marseillois." He hits SCARAMOUCH a slight blow on his high cap, as if by accident.*)

SCARA. You play very well, Mr. Punch; now let me try. I will give you a lesson how to play the fiddle. (*Takes the stick, and dances to the same tune, hitting PUNCH a hard blow on the back of his head.*) There's sweet music for you.

PUNCH. I no like you playing so well as my own. Let me again. (*Takes the stick, and dances as before;*



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*in the course of his dance he gets behind SCARAMOUCHE, and with a violent blow knocks his head clean off his shoulders.*) How you like that tune, my good friend? That sweet music, or sour music, eh? He, he, he! (*Laughing, and throwing away the stick.*) You'll never hear such another tune, so long as you live, my boy. (*Sings the tune of "Malbroug," and dances to it.*) Judy, Judy, my dear! Judy, can't you answer, my dear?

JUDY (*within*). Well! what do you want, Mr. Punch?

PUNCH. Come upstairs: I want you.

JUDY. Then want must be your master. I'm busy.

PUNCH (*singing to tune, "Malbroug"*).

Her answer genteel is and civil  
No wonder, you think, if we live ill,  
And I wish her sometimes at the Devil,  
Since that's all the answer I get.  
Yet, why should I grumble and fret,  
Because she's sometimes in a pet?  
Though I really am sorry to say, sirs,  
That that is too often her way, sirs.  
For this, by and by, she shall pay, sirs.  
Oh, wives are an obstinate set!

Judy, my dear! (*Calling*) Judy, my love — pretty  
Judy, come up stairs.

*Enter JUDY.*

JUDY. Well, here I am! what do you want, now I'm come?

PUNCH (*aside*). What a pretty creature! An't she one beauty?

JUDY. What do you want, I say?

PUNCH. A kiss! a pretty kiss! (*Kisses her, while she hits him a slap on the face.*)

JUDY. Take that then: how do you like my kisses? Will you have another?

PUNCH. No; one at a time, one at a time, my sweet pretty wife. (*Aside.*) She always is so playful. Where's the child? Fetch me the child, Judy, my dear.

*Exit JUDY.*

PUNCH. (*solus*) There's one wife for you! What a precious darling creature? She go to fetch our child.

*Re-enter JUDY with the CHILD.*

JUDY. Here's the child. Pretty dear! It knows its papa. Take the child.

PUNCH (*holding out his hands*). Give it me — pretty littel thing! How like its sweet mamma!

JUDY. How awkward you are!

PUNCH. Give it me: I know how to nurse it so well as you do. (*She gives it him.*) Get away! (*Exit*





JUDY. PUNCH *nursing the CHILD in his arms*). What a pretty baby it is! was it sleepy then? Hush-a-by, by, by. (*Sings to the tune of "Rest thee, Babe."*)

Oh, rest thee, my baby,  
Thy daddy is here:  
Thy mammy's a gaby,  
And that's very clear.

Oh, rest thee, my darling,  
Thy mother will come,  
With a voice like a starling;—  
I wish she was dumb!

Poor dear littel thing! it cannot get to sleep: by, by; by, by, hush-a-by. Well, then, it shan't. (*Dances the CHILD, and then sets it on his lap, between his knees, and sings the common nursery ditty*),

Dancy baby diddy;  
What shall daddy do widdy?  
Sit on his lap,  
Give it some pap;  
Dancy, baby, diddy.

*After nursing it upon his lap, PUNCH sticks the CHILD against the side of the stage, on the platform, runs up to it, clapping his hands, and crying, "Catchee, catchee, catchee!" He then takes it up again, and it begins to cry.*

What is the matter with it? Poor thing! It has got the stomach ache, I dare say. (*Child cries*) Hush-a-by, hush-a-by! (*sitting down, and rolling it on his knees*) Naughty child! — Judy! (*calling*) the child has got the stomach ache. Pheu! Nasty child! Judy, I say! (*CHILD continues to cry.*) Keep quiet, can't you? (*Hits it a box on the ear.*) Oh you filthy child! What have you done? I won't keep such a nasty child. Hold your tongue! (*Strikes the CHILD's head several times against the side of the stage.*) There! — there! there! How you like that? I thought I stop your squalling. Get along with you, nasty, naughty, crying child. (*Throws it over the front of the stage, among the spectators.*) — He! he! he! (*Laughing and singing to the same tune as before.*)

Get away, nasty baby;  
There it goes over:  
Thy mammy's a gaby,  
Thy daddy's a rover.

*Re-enter JUDY.*

JUDY. Where is the child?

PUNCH. Gone — gone to sleep.

JUDY. What have you done with the child, I say?

PUNCH. Gone to sleep, I say.

JUDY. What have you done with it?



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PUNCH. What have I done with it?

JUDY. Ay; done with it! I heard it crying just now. Where is it?

PUNCH. How should I know?

JUDY. I heard you make the pretty darling cry.

PUNCH. I dropped it out at window.

JUDY. Oh you cruel horrid wretch, to drop the pretty baby out at window. Oh! (*Cries, and wipes her eyes with the corner of her white apron.*) You barbarous man. Oh!

PUNCH. You shall have one other soon, Judy, my dear. More where that come from.

JUDY. I'll make you pay for this, depend upon it.

*Exit in haste.*

PUNCH. There she goes. What a piece of work about nothing!

*Dances about and sings, beating time with his head, as he turns round, on the front of the stage.*

*Re-enter JUDY with a stick; she comes in behind, and hits PUNCH a sounding blow on the back of the head, before he is aware.*

JUDY. I'll teach you to drop my child out at window.

PUNCH. So—o—oftly, Judy, so—o—oftly! (*Rub-*

*bing the back of his head with his hand.)* Don't be a fool now. What you at?

JUDY. What! you'll drop my poor baby out at window again, will you? (*Hitting him continually on the head.*)

PUNCH. No, I never will again. (*She still hits him.*) Softly, I say, softly. A joke's a joke.

JUDY. Oh, you nasty cruel brute! (*Hitting him again.*) I'll teach you.

PUNCH. But me no like such teaching. What! you're in earnest are you?

JUDY. Yes, (*hit*) I (*hit*) am (*hit*).

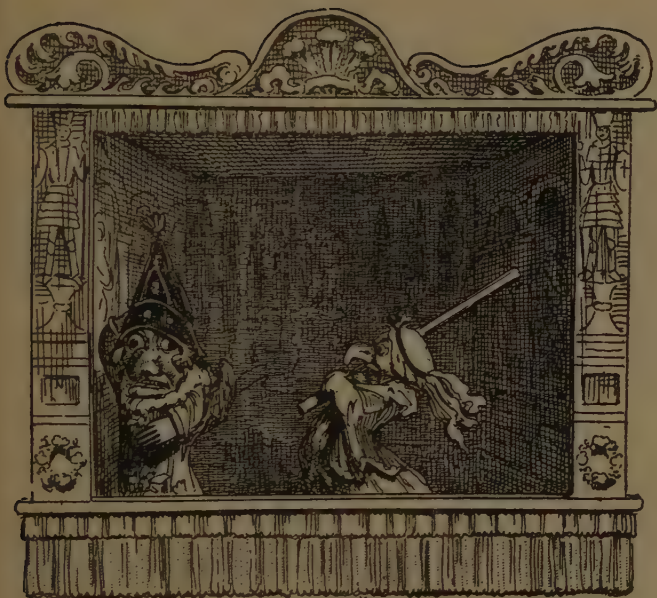
PUNCH. I'm glad of it: me no like such jokes. (*She hits him again.*) Leave off, I say. What! you won't, won't you?

JUDY. No, I won't. (*Hits him.*)

PUNCH. Very well: then now come my turn to teach you. (*He snatches at, and struggles with her for the stick, which he wrenches from her, and strikes her with it on the head, while she runs about to different parts of the stage to get out of his way.*) How you like my teaching, Judy, my pretty dear? (*Hitting her.*)

JUDY. O pray, Mr. Punch — no more!

PUNCH. Yes, one littel more lesson. (*Hits her again.*) There, there, there! (*She falls down, with her head over the platform of the stage; and as he con-*







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*tinues to hit at her, she puts up her hand to guard her head.) Any more?*

JUDY (*lifting up her head*). No, no, no more.

PUNCH (*knocking down her head*). I thought I should soon make you quiet.

JUDY (*again raising her head*). No.

PUNCH (*again knocking it down, and following up his blows until she is lifeless*). Now if you're satisfied, I am. (*Perceiving that she does not move.*) There, get up, Judy, my dear; I won't hit you any more. None of your sham-Abram. This is only your fun. You got the head-ache? Why, you only asleep. Get up, I say! Well then, get down. (*Tosses the body down with the end of his stick.*) He, he, he! (*Laughing.*) To lose a wife is to get a fortune.

“Who'd be plagued with a wife

That could set himself free

With a rope or a knife,

Or a good stick, like me?

*He throws away the body with his stick.*

*Enter PRETTY POLLY.*

PUNCH (*seeing her, and singing out of “The Beggar’s Opera,” while she dances*).

When the heart of a man is oppress'd with cares,  
The clouds are dispelled when a woman appears, &c.

PUNCH (*aside*). What a beauty! What a pretty creature!

*Extending his arms, and then clasping his hands in admiration. She continues to dance, and dances round him, while he surveys her in silent delight. He then begins to sing a slow tune and foots it with her; and, as the music quickens, they jig it backwards and forwards, and sideways, to all parts of the stage. At last, PUNCH catches the lady in his arms and kisses her most audibly, while she appears "nothing loth." After waltzing, they dance to the tune of "The White Cockade," and PUNCH sings as follows:*

I love you so, I love you so,  
I never will leave you; no, no, no:  
If I had all the wives of wise King Sol,  
I would kill them all for my pretty Poll.

*Exeunt dancing.*



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## ACT II

*Enter a FIGURE dressed like a Courtier, who sings a slow air, and moves to it with great gravity and solemnity. He first takes off his hat on the right of the theatre, and then on the left, and carries it in his hand. He then stops in the centre; the music ceases, and suddenly his throat begins to elongate, and his head gradually rises until his neck is taller than all the rest of his body. After pausing for some time, the head sinks again; and, as soon as it has descended to its natural place, the FIGURE exit.*

*Enter PUNCH from behind the curtain, where he had been watching the manœuvres of the FIGURE.*

PUNCH. Who the devil are you, me should like to know, with your long neck? You may get it stretched for you, one of these days, by somebody else. It's a very fine day. (*Peeping out, and looking up at the sky.*) I'll go fetch my horse, and take a ride over to visit my pretty Poll. (*He sings to the tune of "Sally in our Alley"*):

Of all the girls that are so smart,  
There's none like pretty Polly:  
She's the darling of my heart,  
She is so plump and jolly.

*Exit, singing.*

*Re-enter PUNCH, leading his Horse by the bridle over his arm. It prances about, and seems very unruly.*

PUNCH. Wo, ho! my fine fellow. Wo, ho! Hector. Stand still, can't you, and let me get my foot up to the stirrup.

*While PUNCH is trying to mount, the horse runs away round the stage, and PUNCH sets off after him, catches him by the tail, and so stops him. PUNCH then mounts, by sitting on the front of the stage, and with both his hands lifting one of his legs over the animal's back. At first, it goes pretty steadily, but soon quickens its pace; while PUNCH, who does not keep his seat very well, cries, "Wo, ho, Hector! wo, ho!" but to no purpose, for the horse sets off at full gallop, jerking PUNCH at every stride with great violence. PUNCH lays hold round the neck, but is ultimately thrown upon the platform.*

PUNCH. Oh, dear! Oh, lord! Help! help! I am murdered! I'm a dead man! Will nobody save my life? Doctor! Doctor! Come, and bring me to life again. I'm a dead man. Doctor! Doctor! Doctor!

*Enter DOCTOR.*

DOCTOR. Who calls so loud?

PUNCH. Oh, dear! Oh, lord! murder!











DOCTOR. What is the matter? Bless me, who is this? My good friend, Mr. Punch? Have you had an accident, or are you only taking a nap on the grass after dinner?

PUNCH. Oh, Doctor! Doctor! I have been thrown: I have been killed.

DOCTOR. No, no, Mr. Punch; not so bad as that, sir: you are not killed.

PUNCH. Not killed, but speechless. Oh, Doctor! Doctor!

DOCTOR. Where are you hurt? Is it here?  
(*Touching his head.*)

PUNCH. No; lower.

DOCTOR. Here? (*Touching his breast.*)

PUNCH. No; lower, lower.

DOCTOR. Here, then? (*Going downwards.*)

PUNCH. No; lower still.

DOCTOR. Then is your handsome leg broken?

PUNCH. No; higher.

*As the DOCTOR leans over PUNCH's legs, to examine them, PUNCH kicks him in the eye.*

DOCTOR. Oh, my eye! my eye! *Exit.*

PUNCH (*solus*). Aye, you're right enough; it is my eye, and Betty Martin too. (*Jumping up, and dancing and singing — tune, "Malbroug"*):

The Doctor is surely an ass, sirs,  
To think I'm as brittle as glass, sirs;  
But I only fell down on the grass, sirs,  
And my hurt — it is all my eye.

*While PUNCH is singing and dancing, the DOCTOR enters behind, with a stick, and hits PUNCH several times on the head; PUNCH shakes his ears.*

PUNCH. Hollo! hollo! Doctor — what game you up to now? Have done! What you got there?

DOCTOR. Physic, Mr. Punch; (*hits him*) physic for your hurt.

PUNCH. Me no like physic; it gives me one headache.

DOCTOR. That's because you do not take enough of it. (*Hits him again.*) The more you take, the more good it will do you. (*Hits him.*)

PUNCH. So you doctors always say. Try how you like it yourself.

DOCTOR. We never take our own physic, if we can help it. (*Hits him.*) A little more, Mr. Punch and you will soon be well.

*Hits him. During this part of the dialogue, the DOCTOR hits PUNCH to different parts of the stage, and at last gets him into a corner, and*











*belabours him until PUNCH seems to be almost stunned.*

PUNCH. Oh, Doctor! Doctor! no more, no more! enough physic for me; I am quite well now.

DOCTOR. Only another dose. (*Hits him.*)

PUNCH. No more! — turn and turn about is all fair, you know. (PUNCH *makes a desperate effort, closes with the DOCTOR, and after a struggle, succeeds in getting the stick from him.*) Now, Doctor, your turn to be physicked. (*Beating the DOCTOR.*)

DOCTOR. Hold, Mr. Punch; I don't want any physic, my good sir.

PUNCH. Oh, yes, you do; you very bad; you must take it; I the doctor now. (*Hits him.*) How do you like physic? (*Hits.*) It will do you good. (*Hits.*) This will soon cure you: (*hits*) physic! (*hits*) physic! (*hits*) physic! (*hits*).

DOCTOR. Oh, pray, Mr. Punch, no more! one pill of that physic is a dose.

PUNCH. Doctors always die when they take their own physic. (*Hits him.*) Another small dose, and you never want physic again. (*Hits him.*) There, don't you feel the physic in your inside? (PUNCH *thrusts the end of the stick into the DOCTOR's stomach; the DOCTOR falls down dead, and PUNCH, as before, tosses away the body with the end of his staff.*) He, he,

he! (*Laughing.*) Now, Doctor, you may cure yourself, if you can. (*Sings and dances to the tune of "Green grow the rushes, O."*)

Right toll de riddle doll,  
There's an end of him, by goll!

I'll dance and sing

Like anything,

With music for my pretty Poll.

*Exit.*

*Enter PUNCH, with a large sheep-bell, which he rings violently, and dances about the stage, shaking the bell and his head at the same time, and accompanying the music with his voice; tune, "Morgiana in Ireland."*

Mr. Punch is a very gay man,

He is the fellow the ladies for winning, oh;

Let them do whatever they can,

They never can stand his talking and grinning, oh.

*Enter a SERVANT, in a foreign livery.*

SERVANT. Mr. Punch, my master, he say he no like dat noise.

PUNCH (*with surprise and mocking him*). Your master, he say he no like dat noise! What noise?

SERVANT. Dat nasty noise.





PUNCH. Do you call music a noise?

SERVANT. My master he no lika de music, Mr. Punch, so he'll have no more noise near his house.

PUNCH. He don't, don't he? Very well. (PUNCH runs about the stage ringing his bell as loudly as he can.)

SERVANT. Get away, I say, wid dat nasty bell.

PUNCH. What bell?

SERVANT. That bell (*Striking it with his hand*).

PUNCH. That's a good one. Do you call this a bell? (*Patting it*.) It is an organ.

SERVANT. I say it is a bell, a nasty bell.

PUNCH. I say it is an organ (*Striking him with it*.) What you say it is now?

SERVANT. An organ, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH. An organ? I say it is a fiddel. Can't you see? (*Offers to strike him again*.)

SERVANT. It is a fiddle.

PUNCH. I say it is a drum.

SERVANT. It is a drum, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH. I say it is a trumpet.

SERVANT. Well, so it is a trumpet. But bell, organ, fiddle, drum, or trumpet, my master, he say he no lika de music.

PUNCH. Then bell, organ, fiddel, drum, or trumpet, Mr. Punch he say your master is a fool.

SERVANT. And he say too, he will not have it near his house.

PUNCH. He's a fool, I say, not to like my sweet music. Tell him so: be off. (*Hits him with the bell.*) Get along. (*Driving the SERVANT round the stage, backwards, and striking him often with the bell.*) Be off, be off. (*Knocking him off the stage. Exit SERVANT. PUNCH continues to ring the bell as loudly as before, while he sings and dances.*)

*Re-enter SERVANT, sily, with a stick.*

PUNCH *perceiving him, retreats behind the side curtain, and remains upon the watch. The SERVANT does the same, but leaves the end of the stick visible. PUNCH again comes forward, sets down his bell very gently, and creeps across the stage, marking his steps with his hands upon the platform, to ascertain whereabouts his enemy is. He then returns to his bell, takes it up, and, going quietly over the stage, hits the SERVANT a heavy blow through the curtain, and exit, ringing his bell on the opposite side.*

SERVANT. You one nasty, noisy, impudent black-guard. Me catch you yet. (*Hides again as before.*)

*Enter PUNCH, and strikes him as before with the bell. The SERVANT pops out, and aims a blow,*







*but not quickly enough to hit PUNCH, who exit.*

SERVANT. You dirty scoundrel, rascal, thief, vagabond, blackguard, and liar, you shall pay for this, depend upon it.

*He stands back. Enter PUNCH, with his bell, who seeing the SERVANT with his stick, retreats instantly, and returns, also armed with a bludgeon, which he does not at first shew. The SERVANT comes forward, and strikes PUNCH on the head so hard a blow, that it seems to confuse him.*

SERVANT. Me teach you how to ring your nasty noisy bell near de gentil-mens houses.

PUNCH (*recovering*). Two can play at that. (*Hits the SERVANT with his stick. A conflict:—after a long struggle, during which the combatants exchange staves, and perform various manœuvres, PUNCH gains the victory, and knocks his antagonist down on the platform, by repeated blows on the head.*)

SERVANT. Oh, dear! Oh, my head!

PUNCH. And oh, your tail, too. (*Hitting him there.*) How do you like that, and that, and that? (*Hitting him each time.*) Do you like that music better than the other?—This is my bell (*hits*), this my

organ (*hits*), this my fiddel (*hits*), this my drum (*hits*), and this my trumpet (*hits*). There! a whole concert for you.

SERVANT. No more! me dead.

PUNCH. Quite dead.

SERVANT. Yes, quite.

PUNCH. Then there's the last for luck. (*Hits him and kills him. He then takes hold of the body by its legs, swings it round two or three times, and throws it away.*)



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## ACT III

## SCENE I

*Enter an OLD BLIND MAN, feeling his way with his staff; he goes to the opposite side when he knocks.*

BLIND MAN. Poor blind man, Mr. Punch; I hope you'll bestow your charity; I hear that you are very good and kind to the poor, Mr. Punch; pray have pity upon me, and may you never know the loss of your tender eyes! (*Listens, putting his ear to the side, and hearing nobody coming, knocks again.*) I lost my sight by the sands in Egypt; poor blind man. Pray, Mr. Punch, have compassion upon the poor stone blind. (*Coughs, and spits over the side.*) Only a halfpenny to buy something for my bad cough. Only one halfpenny. (*Knocks again.*)

*Enter PUNCH, and receives one of the knocks, intended for the door, upon his head.*

PUNCH. Hollo! you old blind blackguard, can't you see?

BLIND MAN. No, Mr. Punch. Pray, sir, bestow your charity upon a poor blind man, with a bad cough. (*Coughs.*)

PUNCH. Get along, get along; don't trouble me: — nothing for you.

BLIND MAN. Only a halfpenny! Oh, dear, my cough is so bad! (*Coughs and spits in PUNCH's face.*)

PUNCH. Hollo! Was my face the dirtiest place you could find to spit in? Get away! you nasty old blackguard! Get away! (*Seizes the BLIND MAN's staff, and knocks him off the stage.*)

PUNCH *humms a tune, and dances to it; and then begins to sing, in the mock Italian style, the following words, pretending to play the fiddle on his arm, with the stick.*

When I think on you, my jewel,  
Wonder not my heart is sad;  
You're so fair, and yet so cruel,  
You're enough to drive me mad.  
On thy lover take some pity:  
And relieve his bitter smart.  
Think you Heaven has made you pretty,  
But to break your lover's heart?

*Enter a CONSTABLE.*

CONSTABLE. Leave off your singing, Mr. Punch, for I'm come to make you sing on the wrong side of your mouth.

PUNCH. Why, who the devil are you?

CONSTABLE. Don't you know me?







PUNCH. No, and don't want to know you.

CONSTABLE. Oh, but you must: I am the constable.

PUNCH. And who sent for you?

CONSTABLE. I am sent for you.

PUNCH. I don't want constable. I can settle my own business without constable, I thank you. I don't want constable.

CONSTABLE. But the constable wants you.

PUNCH. The Devil he does! What for, pray?

CONSTABLE. You killed Mr. Scaramouch. You knocked his head off his shoulders.

PUNCH. What's that to you? If you stay here much longer, I'll serve you the same.

CONSTABLE. Don't tell me. You have committed murder, and I've a warrant for you.

PUNCH. And I've a warrant for you. (PUNCH *knocks him down, and dances and sings about the stage, to the tune of "Green grow the rushes O."*)

*Enter an OFFICER, in a cocked hat with a cockade, and a long pigtail.*

OFFICER. Stop your noise, my fine fellow.

PUNCH. Shan't.

OFFICER. I'm an officer.

PUNCH. Very well. Did I say you were not?

OFFICER. You must go with me. You killed your wife and child.

PUNCH. They were my own, I suppose; and I had a right to do what I liked with them.

OFFICER. We shall see that, I'm come to take you up.

PUNCH. And I'm come to take you down. (PUNCH *knocks him down, and sings and dances as before.*)

*Enter JACK KETCH, in a fur-cap. PUNCH, while dancing, runs up against him without seeing him.*

PUNCH (*with some symptoms of alarm*). My dear Sir, — I beg you one thousand pardons: very sorry.

J. KETCH. Aye, you'll be sorry enough before I've done with you. Don't you know me?

PUNCH. Oh, sir, I know you very well, and I hope you very well, and Mrs. Ketch very well.

J. KETCH. Mr. Punch, you're a very bad man. Why did you kill the Doctor?

PUNCH. In self-defence.

J. KETCH. That won't do.

PUNCH. He wanted to kill me.

J. KETCH. How?

PUNCH. With his d——d physic.





J. KETCH. That's all gammon. You must come to prison: my name's Ketch.

PUNCH. Ketch that then. (PUNCH *knocks down* JACK KETCH, *and continues to dance and sing.*)

*Enter behind, one after the other, the CONSTABLE, the OFFICER, and JACK KETCH. They fall upon PUNCH in the order in which they enter, and after a noisy struggle, they pin him in a corner, and finally carry him off, while he lustily calls out "Help! murder!" &c.*

## SCENE II

*The curtain at the back of the stage rises, and discovers PUNCH in prison, rubbing his nose against the bars and poking it through them.*

PUNCH. Oh dear! Oh dear! what will become of poor pill-garlick now. My pretty Poll, when shall I see you again? (*Sings to the air of "Water parted from the Sea."*)

Punch, when parted from his dear,  
Still must sing in doleful tune.  
I wish I had those rascals here,  
I'd settle all their hashes soon!

*Enter JACK KETCH. He fixes a gibbet on the platform of the stage, and exit.*

PUNCH. Well, I declare now, that very pretty! That must be a gardener. What a handsome *three* he has planted just opposite the window, for a prospect!

*Enter the CONSTABLE. He places a ladder against the gibbet, and exit*

PUNCH. Stop thief! stop thief! There's one pretty rascal for you. He come back again and get up the ladder to steal the fruit out of the tree.

*Enter two MEN with a coffin. They set it down on the platform, and exeunt.*

PUNCH. What that for, I wonder? Oh dear, I see now: what one fool I was! That is large basket for the fruit be put into.

*Re-enter JACK KETCH.*

J. KETCH. Now, Mr. Punch, you may come out, if you like it.

PUNCH. Thank you, kindly; but me very well where I am. This very nice place, and pretty prospect.







J. KETCH. What, won't you come out, and have a good dinner for nothing?

PUNCH. Much obliged, Mr. Ketch, but I have had my dinner for nothing already.

J. KETCH. Then a good supper?

PUNCH. I never eat suppers: they are not wholesome.

J. KETCH. But you must come out. Come out, and be hanged.

PUNCH. You would not be so cruel.

J. KETCH. Why were you so cruel as to commit so many murders?

PUNCH. But that's no reason why you should be cruel, too, and murder me.

J. KETCH. Come, directly.

PUNCH. I can't; I got one bone in my leg.

J. KETCH. And you've got one bone in your neck, but that shall soon be broken. — Then I must fetch you. (*He goes to the prison, and after a struggle, in which PUNCH calls out, "Mercy! mercy! I'll never do so again!" JACK KETCH brings him out to the front of the stage.*)

PUNCH. Oh dear! Oh dear! Be quiet — can't you let me be?

J. KETCH. Now, Mr. Punch, no more delay. Put your head through this loop.

PUNCH. Through there! What for?

J. KETCH. Aye, through there.

PUNCH. What for? — I don't know how.

J. KETCH. It is very easy: only put your head through here.

PUNCH (*poking his head on one side of the noose*).  
What, so?

J. KETCH. No, no, here!

PUNCH (*poking his head on the other side*). So, then?

J. KETCH. Not so, you fool.

PUNCH. Mind who you call fool: try if you can do it yourself. Only shew me how, and I do it directly.

J. KETCH. Very well; I will. There, you see my head, and you see this loop: put it in, so. (*Putting his head through the noose.*)

PUNCH. And pull it tight, so! (*He pulls the body forcibly down, and hangs JACK KETCH*) Huzza! Huzza! (*PUNCH takes down the corpse, and places it in the coffin: he then stands back.*)

*Enter two MEN, who remove the gibbet, and placing the coffin upon it, dance with it on their shoulders grotesquely, and exeunt.*

PUNCH. There they go. They think they have got Mr. Punch safe enough. (*Sings.*)





They're out! they're out! I've done the trick!

Jack Ketch is dead — I'm free;

I do not care, now, if Old Nick

Himself should come for me.

*Goes off and returns with a stick. He dances about beating time on the front of the stage, and singing to the tune of "Green grow the rushes O."*

Right foll de riddle loll,

I'm the boy to do 'em all,

To thump Old Nick,

If he by chance upon me call.

*Enter the DEVIL. He just peeps in at the corner of the stage, and exit.*

PUNCH (*much frightened, and retreating as far as he can*). Oh, dear! Oh, lord! Talk of the devil, and he pops up his horns. There the old gentleman is, sure enough. (*A pause and dead silence, while PUNCH continues to gaze at the spot where the DEVIL appeared. The DEVIL comes forward.*) Good, kind Mr. Devil, I never did you any harm, but all the good in my power. — There, don't come any nearer. How you do, Sir? (*Collecting courage.*) I hope you and all your respectable family well? Much obliged for this visit

— Good morning — should be sorry to keep you, for I know you have a great deal of business when you come to London. (*The DEVIL advances.*) Oh, dear! What will become of me? (*The DEVIL darts at PUNCH, who escapes, and aims a blow at his enemy: the DEVIL eludes it, as well as many others, laying his head on the platform, and slipping it rapidly backwards and forwards, so that PUNCH, instead of striking him, only repeatedly hits the boards.*)

*Exit DEVIL.*

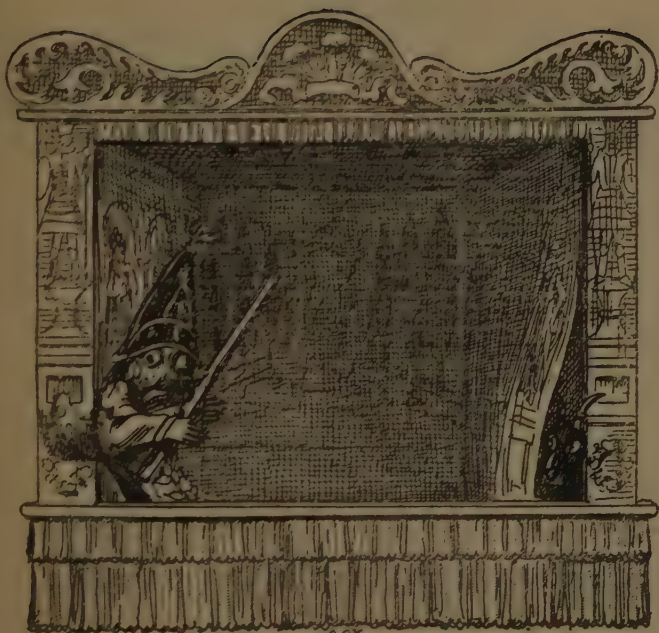
PUNCH (*laughing*). He, he, he! He's off: he knew which side his bread buttered on. He one deep, cunning devil.

PUNCH *is alarmed by hearing a strange supernatural whirring noise, something like the rapid motion of fifty spinning wheels, and again retreats to the corner, fearfully waiting the event.*

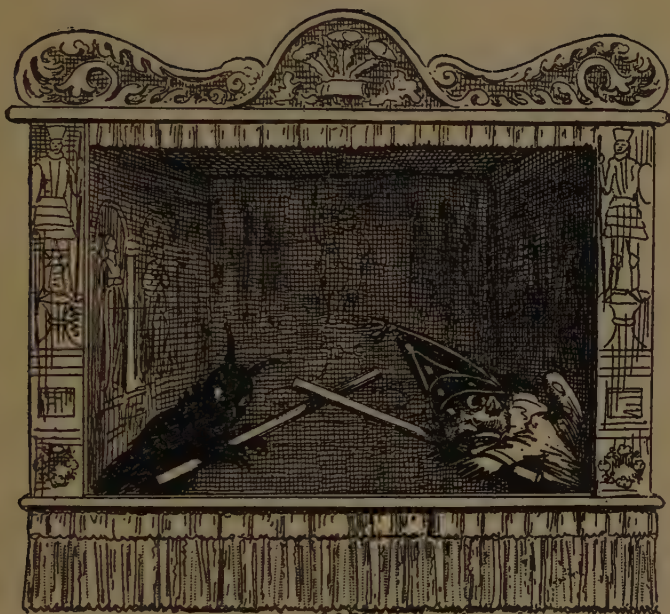
*Re-enter the DEVIL, with a stick. He makes up to PUNCH, who retreats round the back of the stage, and they stand eying one another and fencing at opposite sides. At last the DEVIL makes a blow at PUNCH, which tells on the back of his head.*

PUNCH. Oh, my head! What is that for? Pray, Mr. Devil, let us be friends. (*The DEVIL hits him again, and PUNCH begins to take it in dudgeon, and to*











grow angry.) Why, you must be one very stupid Devil not to know your best friend when you see him. (*The DEVIL hits him again.*) Be quiet, I say, you hurt me! — Well if you won't, we must try which is the best man, — Punch or the Devil.

*Here commences a terrific combat between the DEVIL and PUNCH: in the beginning, the latter has much the worst of it, being hit by his black adversary when and where he pleases; at last, the DEVIL seems to grow weary, and PUNCH succeeds in planting several heavy blows. The balance being restored, the fight is kept up for some time, and towards the conclusion PUNCH has the decided advantage, and drives his enemy before him. The DEVIL is stunned by repeated blows on the head and horns, and falls forward on the platform, where PUNCH completes his victory, and knocks the breath out of his body. PUNCH then puts his staff up the DEVIL's black clothes, and whirls him round in the air, exclaiming, "Huzza! huzza! the Devil's dead!"*

CURTAIN.











## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The Tragical Comedy of Punch and Judy, as set forth in the preceding pages, follows a version of the puppet-play now more than a century old. George Cruikshank himself wrote of the manner of its taking down.

“Having been engaged,” said he, “by Mr. Pro-wett, the publisher, to give the various scenes represented in the street performances of ‘Punch and Judy,’ I obtained the address of the Proprietor and Performer of that popular Exhibition. He was an elderly Italian, of the name of Piccini, whom I remembered from Boyhood, and he lived at a low public-house, the sign of The King’s Arms, in the Coalyard, Drury Lane. Having made arrangements for a Morning Performance, one of the window-frames on the first floor of the public-house was taken out, and the stand or Punch’s Theatre was hauled into the Club-room. Mr. Payne Collier (who was to write the description), the publisher, and myself, formed the audience; and as the performance went on, I stopped it at the most interesting parts to sketch the Figures, whilst Mr. Collier noted down

the dialogue; and thus the whole is a faithful copy and description of the various scenes represented by this Italian, whose performance of 'Punch' was far superior in every respect to anything of the sort to be seen at the present day.

"The figure whose neck he used to stretch to such a great height," added Cruikshank, by way of parenthesis, "was a sort of interlude. Piccini made the figure take off his hat with one hand — which he defied all other puppet-show performers to do. Piccini announced the approach of Punch by sound of trumpet."

So much for the text of Mr. Punch's adventures, a text which has for upwards of forty years past been out of print. Some, at least, of those who read it now, and, reading it, fall again beneath the childhood spell of Mr. Punch's evil-doing, may wish to follow him through the fascinating transformations of his history: from Pulcinella in Italy, through Polichinelle to Guignol in France, to Kasperle in Germany, and to the shrill rascal of the fine, rowdy, old tradition across the Channel in England. Many books thus trace his course; of them all, not the least interesting, and perhaps, in recent years, the most comprehensive, is Helen Haiman Joseph's "A Book of Marionettes."

It may be, too, that younger readers of Mr. Punch's hilarious tragedy will be inspired to attempt themselves to make a puppet-stage and puppet-folk, and to bring the printed words to life. The task is by no means taxing. Apt fingers, a little patience, and a willing imagination suffice. Youthful amateurs may benefit by suggestions and advice, however; and, possibly, for them Madge Anderson's volume, "The Heroes of the Puppet Stage," may best be recommended.











